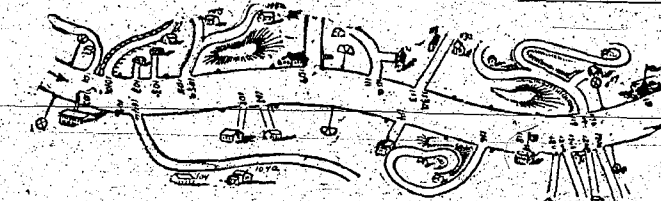
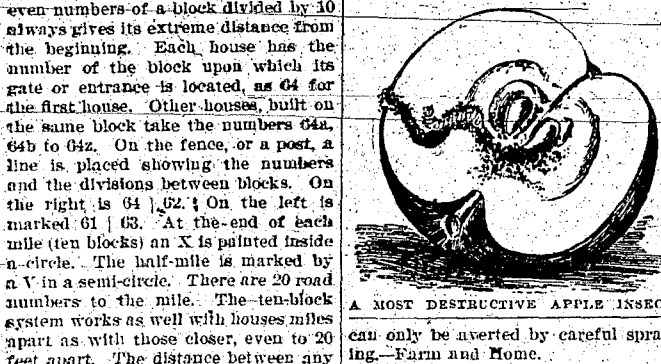


Name and Number the Roads.
Much of the isolation of the farmer is caused by the time consumed in finding his residence, says Farm and Home. A certain numbered house on a certain named street makes one at home in town, but the farmer is a stranger in a strange land when seeking a fellow farmer in an adjoining county. The wide-awake agriculturists of Contra Costa County, California, a few years ago set about to remedy this unfortunate condition and adopted what has since been known as the ten-block system, that is, the naming and measuring of all country roads and dividing them into ten blocks to the mile. The enactment of the plan was secured from the county board of supervisors and work under it was begun at once. Roads were named in its long lengths as follows: Names of towns and living residents were not used. Some landscape features, some historical associations suggested the name: Bear Creek road, Lime Ridge crossing, Lake Conner, Mountain drive, Walnut way, Vista Rio, Granger exit and Happy Valley road are examples. A list of the roads was being begun with those going northward from the county seat, followed by those going easterly, southerly and westward. Complete records as to local objects are kept and guide-



TEN-BLOCK SYSTEM OF NAMING AND NUMBERING COUNTRY ROADS.

boards erected. The measuring begins at the center of the street just in front of the courthouse and proceeds along the nearest line of travel. The village streets have the customary 100 numbers to the block, but outside the limits the country house numbers are used, two to each block of 528 feet (32 rods) of road. Odd numbers are on the left hand, even on the right. A gate on the right-hand side, with its right post 3 1-10 miles by road from the courthouse, is 31 blocks distant, and is in the 32d block. Hence its road number is 64, or twice 32. A gate just across the road would be numbered 63. Half the even numbers of a block divided by 10 always gives its extreme distance from the beginning. Each house has the number of the block upon which its gate or entrance is located, as 64 for the first house. Other houses, built on the same block take the numbers 642, 644 to 648. On the fence, or a post, a line is placed showing the numbers and the divisions between blocks. On the right is 64 1/2, on the left is 64 1/2. At the end of each mile (ten blocks) an X is painted inside a circle. The half-mile is marked by a V in a semi-circle. There are 20 road numbers to the mile. The ten-block system works as well with houses miles apart as with those closer, even to 20 feet apart. The distance between any two houses numbered in the country can be easily reckoned. The homes of farmers can be quickly found. Strangers can be given clear directions. The mileage of officers can be quickly calculated. Road work can be accurately located by its block number. A county directory could be printed with farm names and road numbers of every citizen. A former postmaster general has declared that the ten-block system of numbering country roads would remove the only obstacle to rapid and accurate free postal and telegraph delivery to farmers. Contra Costa farmers expect to secure free delivery at once, under the new appropriation by Congress for this purpose.



A MOST DESTRUCTIVE APPLE INSECT.

can only be averted by careful spraying—Farm and Home.

Poultry Pointers.

Preserve the fallen leaves for the scratch pen in winter.

Get the poultry accustomed to roosting under shelter before cold weather sets in.

A good thing for the chickens is to char a lot of corn occasionally and let them pick at it.

Don't fail to have gravel and road dust in goodly quantities put away for use about poultry quarters during winter.

It is claimed by many that a hen will lay more and better eggs during an entire year if she is allowed to raise one lot of chicks.

Eggs upon which a fowl is sitting are not all of the same temperature; those upon the outside are cooler than those on the inside.

Eradicate the chicken lice by cleaning out and burning old nests, and whitewashing frequently. Spray the roosts and inside of the poultry house freely with kerosene and carbolic acid.

If charcoal and sulphur are burned in a poultry house we will guarantee that the house will be free of lice. Sprinkle the sulphur on the charcoal and shut the house up tight. Nothing can live in the fumes.

The Apiary.

It is not advisable to store comb honey if it can be sold at a fair price. It is difficult to keep it in perfect condition for any length of time.

Each frame of comb in a bee hive should occupy about one and a half inches of space, and in spacing the frames it should be done with exactness, so that the frames will be one and a half inches from center to center.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Death of Ex-Congressman Willits.
Saginaw Lumber Piles in Ashes—Shocking Accident to a West Bay City Boy.

Edwin Willits Dead.
Edwin Willits, of Michigan, ex-Congressman, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and ex-president of the Agricultural College, died at Washington, Saturday. Mr. Willits was born April 24, 1830. He was raised on a farm in Michigan and his earlier years were devoted to the duties of a farmer's son in summer and attending district school in winter. At the age of 20 he entered the University of Michigan, where he distinguished himself as a diligent and thorough student. His class was graduated two years later than that of his college mate and friend, Secretary of Agriculture Morton. He entered upon the profession of law and settled at Monroe, where he achieved eminence in his profession, and was elected member of the House of Representatives for that district. He served three terms and subsequently was made president of the Agricultural College of Michigan. He was called by President Harrison to accept the position of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, which place he filled with great efficiency during the administration of Gen. Rusk and eight months longer—up to Jan. 1, 1894—remaining by special request, as assistant to Secretary Morton.

Shattered His Arm.
William Portin, aged 16 years, living with his parents at West Bay City, met with a shocking accident. He went to the river to cut some wood, taking a gun in case he saw any birds he might wish to shoot. He laid the gun across a log and, without thinking, stepped on it, and the gun discharged. He drew the gun toward him, the hammer caught, discharging the weapon, the entire charge striking him in the right arm and shattering it so frightfully that it had to be amputated just below the shoulder. The unfortunate boy, realizing what had happened, picked up his drooping arm with his left hand and started on a run for home. Overcome with a fainting spell, he was taken into a neighbor's house, where surgeons operated upon him. On account of his youth it is believed he will recover, although very weak from the loss of blood. Two weeks ago Thomas Walsh, the grocer, met with a similar accident.

Muskegon Supervisors.
An east county official scandal stirred up the Muskegon Supervisors the other afternoon but it is doubtful on account of political reasons if there is an investigation unless the man who started the trouble proves charges. It is claimed the whole matter was stirred up for political effect, and that it is three years old. The supervisors made an effort to reduce salaries for the ensuing term. The prosecutor and clerk were each cut \$200 and the keep of county jail prisoners reduced from 50 cents to 25 cents a day. Supervisors S. S. Morris, Muskegon; John Laubach, Ravenna; and N. T. Cummings, of Fruitport, alternate, were elected as a board of county canvassers at \$3 per day and 6 cents mileage.

One Problem Solved.
Warden O'Neil of the State House of Correction at Ionia, has submitted to the Governor his report for the two years ending June 30. With an increase of 47 per cent in the number of inmates the report shows a decrease of \$47,844 in the net cost to the State of running the institution. The report claims that the per capita cost of maintenance was \$70,000 less in Ionia than in any other reformitory in the United States. The average number of prisoners for 1896 was 513, and the amount drawn from the State treasury for the maintenance of each was \$118. The total annual net cost of 22,000 of earnings has been \$10,381.24 for the past two years, against \$70,000 a year for the two years ending June 30, 1894.

Diantra Fire at Saginaw.
Fire broke out early Sunday evening in the lumber piles on the Mill plant premises of the Center Lumber Company, Zilwaukee, six miles down the river from Saginaw. It spread into a very large conflagration, which destroyed about 8,000,000 feet of lumber. The sawmill and saw works were in imminent danger, but were saved, and only some small buildings were burned. The fire department of Saginaw and Bay City assisted in fighting the flames. The loss will approximate \$150,000, and is understood to be fairly covered by insurance.

Short State Items.

Alleged cattle thieves who escaped from Kalkaska County have been located in Minnesota.

William Westhook, a Holland carpenter, was perhaps fatally injured while mowing a house.

James Verhulst, of Holland, accidentally shot himself while hunting Tuesday. His right arm had to be amputated, and there is some doubt about his recovery.

The Muskegon Board of Education enacts that no child who has had diphtheria can attend school until he has been shown by bacteriological examination.

The number of people at Ontonagon dependent on the relief commission has been gradually reduced until it is now only about 400, and these are being only partially supported. The town is rapidly recovering from the effects of the recent fire.

The following unique notice is posted on the barn of a Huron County farmer: "If any man or woman's cows or oxen go through my fence, they shall be cut off as the case may be. I am a Christian and pay taxes, but I don't want a man who lets his animals run loose."

The Iosco County Supervisors have made sweeping reductions in the salaries of the county officers. The Sheriff's salary was cut off altogether, and he will hereafter receive only the legal fees.

DEATH IN ITS WAKE.

SEVERAL PERSONS ARE KILLED BY A CYCLONE.

New Orleans Suffers Damages to Extent of \$100,000—And at Many Points in Mississippi, Oklahoma and Indian Territory Lives Are Lost.

Disaster in the Southwest.
About 4:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon a cyclone struck New Orleans on the river front, just above Pontchartrain street, and swept over a distance of about a mile and a half, or thirty blocks from Pontchartrain street to Robin street, the track of the storm being about 1,500 feet wide from the river to Annunciation street. The first building damaged was the Independence oil mill, situated at the head of Pontchartrain street. It was unroofed and the building and contents damaged to the extent of \$50,000. The conveyors of the new elevator of the Illinois Central Railroad were slightly damaged and John Wiley Meyer and John J. Buck, employed at the elevator, were severely injured. Hundreds of buildings in the track of the storm were damaged, many being partly unroofed and chimneys prostrated, trees uprooted and fences blown down. The storm-swept section of the city is in darkness, owing to the prostration of electric light wires, and details of the damage are difficult to obtain. Some lives were reported lost at first, but these reports have not been verified. The property loss is estimated at \$100,000.

Deaths in the Southwest.
A destructive cyclone at 12 o'clock. At Lake St. Joseph the large brick gin on the Mound plantation belonging to Joseph Curry was practically destroyed. Twelve cabins on Locust Island were completely demolished, and one colored woman was instantly killed and several were blown into the lake. At Johnson's Bend, on Lake St. Joseph, leased by A. Bland, the gin house containing a quantity of hay, was totally wrecked. Three barns containing corn were also destroyed and a great deal of the corn was blown away. Six cabins were in its path and all were blown to pieces. Telegraph wires were blown into the lake and the public road on Lake St. Joseph front is covered with fragments of houses, furniture, clothing, cotton, corn and household effects. Two colored men and two colored women and a baby were drowned in Lake Bland, where they were carried by the wind.

The storm passed through the outskirts of Delmar, Miss., and demolished several houses. The house of Milton Eskridge was blown away, but his wife and seven children who were in the house miraculously escaped with slight bruises. The extent of the damage cannot be given. Not a tree was left standing in the cyclone's path.

A cyclone swept over a stretch of country about twenty miles east of Guthrie, O. T., at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday night, devastating a district several miles long and probably a hundred yards wide. The farmhouse of William Tobey was first in the path of the storm. The building was destroyed and Tobey was probably fatally injured. The other members of his family escaped. Half a mile further north the Mitchell postoffice and store was lifted bodily into the air, carried a hundred yards and dashed to the earth. The building was smashed into splinters, and Postmaster M. F. Mullin and his wife, who lived in the building, were killed. They died clasped in each other's arms. Two other deaths were through Mr. Mullin's skull, but there was not a scratch on the body of his wife. The Mullins came from Rock Island, Ill. The farmhouse of Abner Jones was also wrecked and many smaller buildings were destroyed, trees uprooted and crops ruined.

Thunders are current that the same storm did frightful damage further northeast, in Payne County, and that several persons were killed. There was a tremendous fall of rain, and considerable damage was done by squalls and the carrying off of crops.

At Wewoka, I. T., the cyclone destroyed Gov. Brown's store, a new church and four other buildings. Several persons were hurt, but none seriously. At Lawton, Okla., near Krebs, it is reported five people were killed. In Lincoln County Mr. and Mrs. John McLaughlin have been found dead in the ruins of their home, and Harrison Jones will die of his injuries.

NEW BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS.

It Will Be One of the Finest Vessels of Its Kind Afloat.

The battleship Illinois will be worthy of its name. It will be only equaled by its sister ships, the Alabama and the Wisconsin, which will be substantially constructed on the same lines. The new Illinois will be far superior to the model battleship "Illinois" exhibited at the World's Fair, that admirably designed vessel was superior to the old cruisers, as they are now termed—the Charleston, the San Francisco and the Baltimore—although they in their time were heralded as the pioneers of the new navy. In many departmental particulars the battleship Illinois was known until the other day as "Battleship No. 7."

It will have a displacement of 11,525 tons, engines (twin screws) of 10,000 horse power, a speed of sixteen knots an hour and a battery calculated to sink any ship afloat. The Illinois will carry four 13-inch guns, the most deadly naval weapon ever yet forged, with a range of eight or nine miles, two of them ranged forward and two astern; she will have a broadside battery of ten 5-inch guns, five on each side, and two more of the same formidable weapons in what are called superposed turrets. Besides this she will have two large secondary batteries, consisting of one and six pounder guns, and a number of machine guns. She will also have military masts, with machine guns in the tops. The armor-plating is to be of the most approved Harveyized plate. The battleship will carry 620 officers and men and a marine guard of sixty men, double the proportion carried by the old line battleships.

The Illinois will be built in the Newport News yards, alongside the battleships Keokuk and Kentucky, and her construction will bring into play some of the finest modern inventions in the way of automatic machinery for naval construction. Nearly every portion of her frame will be constructed by the use of almost put in place without being touched by human hands. When completed the vessel will represent an expenditure of fully \$5,000,000.

SENATOR MORRILL.

Aged Vermontor Who Has Been Returned to the Upper House.

Senator Justin Smith Morrill, who has just been re-elected Senator from Vermont, has spent most of his life in Washington as Congressman or Senator. He is truly a Senator, for Mr. Morrill is in his 87th year. Aged as he is his mind is still vigorous and he is a statesman capable, in the opinion of the people and the Legislature of Vermont, of representing that State among the old and wise men at Washington. He was born at Stratford, Vt., and that town has been, and is now, his home. He got his early education in the common schools and built upon that foundation at an academy, but never went to college. He began life as a merchant, but preferred agriculture, to which he devoted some years. He was elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress and was

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returned five times as Representative. In 1867 he was made Senator to succeed Luke L. Poland, a Union Republican, and was re-elected in 1872, 1878, 1884 and 1890. In 1880 Senator Morrill was a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and has held that position ever since. Seldom has any State so highly honored one of her sons as Vermont has Mr. Morrill. For thirty years he has been a Senator, and if he completes this term he will eclipse all former records for length of service.

ARIZONA WANTS STATEHOOD.

Governor Franklin Submits His Annual Report to Secretary Francis.

The people of Arizona are a unit in favor of statehood, says Gov. Benjamin Franklin in his annual report to Secretary Francis. The report is one of the most voluminous and profusely illustrated reports of any Governor in the Union. It shows that the total mining output of the territory for the year was \$14,978,263. Of this amount gold aggregated \$5,200,000 exclusive of about \$600,000 taken by the prospectors and placer miners and the total is a year's increase of \$940,000. The total product of gold, silver and copper in Arizona for the twenty years ending June 30 last, aggregated \$127,166,011. The entire shipments from the territory from Jan. 1, 1874, to June 30, 1895, reached 595,373 head. The territorial board returns shows the value of taxable property has gained a half million dollars during the year, and conservative men claim the actual valuation to be \$90,000,000.

Work of the Mills.

The Northwestern Miller reports the last output of his mills last week at four centers, with comparative figures as follows:

Oct. 24, 1896	Oct. 19, 1896	Oct. 26, 1896	Oct. 27, 1896
Minneapolis	312,920	321,300	266,375
Superior-Duluth	47,920	58,270	100,090
Minneapolis	41,230	41,510	39,500
St. Louis	80,000	80,000	76,650
Totals	531,180	537,080	501,615
Previous week	448,540	385,400	

News of Minor Note.

Miss Maude Hatfield, 15 years old, was accidentally shot in the arm by Frank Lewis at Kingsley, Mich. The limb was amputated.

The Washington mill, which furnishes one of the largest cotton dress goods manufacturing firms in Lawrence, Mass., were badly damaged by fire.

Emma Field, victim of Robelia Starke, who shot her because she refused to accompany him home from a political meeting, died at his home at Jeffersonville, Ind.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH. Rev. R. L. Cope, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. H. A. Mosser, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

DANISH EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH. Rev. A. Honrby, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m., and every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH. Rev. W. H. Mawhorter, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., and alternate Sundays at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Father H. Wehler. Regular services the last Sunday in each month.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 894, F. & A. M. Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon.

M. A. TAYLOR, Secretary.

MARTIN POST, No. 240, G. A. R. Meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month.

W. S. CHALKER, Post Com.

J. J. COVETLEY, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 163. Meets on the 3d and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

MISS M. S. HANSON, President.

REBECCA WOOT, Sec.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 121. Meets every third Tuesday in each month.

W. F. BENJAMIN, H. P.

A. TAYLOR, Sec.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 137. Meets every Tuesday evening.

J. PATTERSON, N. G.

M. SIMPSON, Sec.

CRAWFORD TENT, F. O. T. M., No. 102. Meets every Saturday evening.

A. McKAY, Com.

T. NOLAN, R. E.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, No. 83. Meets Monday evening on or before the full of the moon.

DE ETTE BRADEN, W. M.

COURT GRAYLING, I. O. F., No. 190. Meets second and last Wednesday of each month.

JOHN WOODBURN, G. R.

GRAYLING HIVE, No. 4, L. O. T. M. Meets every first and third Wednesday of each month.

JULIETTE BUTLER, Lady Com.

POLLY CROTEAU, Record Keeper.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JOHN STALEY, C. C. TRENCOR.

GRAYLING EXCHANGE BANK, GRAYLING, MICH.

A general banking business transacted. Drafts bought and sold on all parts of the United States and Foreign Countries. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections a specialty.

STALEY & TRENCOR, Proprietors.

F. E. WOLFE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Office and residence over the DAVIS PHARMACY.

S. N. INSLEY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Fournier's Drug Store.

OPEN DAY AND EVENING.

Entrance, hall between Fournier's and Peterson's jewelry store.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ETC.

Pine Lands Bought and Sold on Commission.

Non-Residents' Lands Looked After.

GRAYLING, MICH.

Office on Michigan avenue, first door east of the Bank.

O. PALMER, Attorney at Law and Notary.

Collections, conveyancing, payment of taxes and purchase of real estate promptly attended to. Office on Penitentiary avenue, opposite the Court House.

GRAYLING, MICH.

GRAYLING HOUSE.

JOHN RASMUSSEN, Proprietor.

GRAYLING, MICH.

The Grayling House is conveniently situated, being near the depot and business houses, is newly built, furnished in the latest style, and heated by steam throughout. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of guests. Fine sample rooms for board and accommodation.

TONY LARSON, Manager.

H. F. HARRISON, (Successor to F. A. Brigham.)

Tonsorial Artist.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Shaving and Hair Cutting done in the Latest Style, and to the satisfaction of all. Shop near corner Michigan avenue and Railroad street. Prompt attention given all customers.

Oct. 1, 1896.

Remember..

we are always prepared to do all kinds of first-class

Job Printing

on short notice and at the most reasonable prices.

A Trial Order

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
BRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Farm life is what you make it.

The Chicago man who fired a revolver point blank at a street car and missed it may get a job on the police force.

Chicago anarchists are said to be emigrating to the Transvaal. Is it possible that they are going to take the Kruger cure?

Three ships at San Francisco have been loaded with 15,000 tons of wheat for India. Wor's the Hindoosment over there?

It is what you say in your ad that draws customers. Whether you hold them or not depends on what you do afterwards.

Dan Stewart has found a spot in Mexico where Corbett and Fitzsimmons can fight. Now if they could only get lockjaw until the day of the fight.

A press dispatch says that a murderer hanged in Kentucky the other day wore a sullen look on the gallows. Perhaps he was displeased about something.

The Ohio W. C. T. U. has voted to quit wearing feathers. Having motivated, we hope the good members of that excellent organization will now flock together.

Banker Rambusch, of Juneau, Wis., is another man who does not believe in trusts. In one flight he has done more to discourage trust than many more pretentious crusaders.

In entering upon the work of a public reader, the daughter of the late Eugene Field will have the best wishes of those who appreciated the genius of her father, or enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship.

There is no law with regard to eating and drinking and manner of living which can be laid down as applicable to all individuals. Each person must find out the law which applies to himself and obey it.

A prominent Rhode Island yachtman is having a steam yacht built that is to have a guaranteed speed of thirty-eight miles an hour. That's the way to trot around the coast; but then, they say it costs money.

Faith and hope in the future, to be sound and permanent, must grow out of the knowledge of the past and respect for it; and he who gracefully acknowledges his obligations to the old is all the better fitted to espouse the cause of the new.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counselor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

England is blamed for espousing the cause of the Armenians while guilty of injustice and oppression toward her own dependencies. But the philosopher who expects and demands that a nation or individuals should act up to the same standard they demand of their neighbors, has yet to take his first lessons in the knowledge of human nature.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., recently having his English mail from Oxford addressed to him "Kingston, Ontario, U. S. A." Principal Grant should feel flattered. The Oxford dons evidently confuse him with one "Gen. Grant, U. S. A." As soon as the dons have read up on ancient history they will have time to devote to the "Colonies," and then doubtless Principal Grant's letters will be properly addressed.

The one quality that is more useful than another in the world, if one wishes to achieve anything whatever, is tact. Brute force may succeed, but tact again it may fail, and in either case it leaves an unpleasant memory behind it; but, if tact fails, all is still serene, and one may try again with equanimity. The very name of tact tells its story, for, although in its first definition it simply means touch, it develops the further implication of sensitive touch, then of adroit discrimination, then of delicate discernment. Discernment of what? Of the right and fit, of that which gives the desired result in the best way.

The bitter cry of the curates of the Anglican Church is again brought to the attention of the public, this time by the London Times. Many of them, it is said, receive such miserable stipends that they are on the verge of starvation, while others are obliged to put their daughters into domestic service. Allowing for a certain amount of rhetorical exaggeration, there is no doubt that the lower clergy of the church are underpaid. Curiously enough, however, the Wesleyan Methodists of England, most of whose clergy receive adequate salaries, report as falling off in the number of ministerial candidates. It is greatly to the credit of the ill-paid clergy of the English church that they themselves utter no complaints. It is other people who give voice to their "cry."

The old, cruel check rein has stiffened up the fore legs of more lively horses than all the work they have done. So, too, of many track and driving horses in the country. The check rein injures the muscles of the neck, and the fore legs are affected. Often the shoe is blamed when it is the check rein. The humane societies have the co-operation of the city horse owners, who have taken off the cruel check rein from the carriage horses and work horses. Aside from the cruelty, this affection of the usefulness of the horse should induce the thoughtless, kind-hearted people who drive horses to forever banish the tortuous check rein as a savage relic that is painful to the horse and painful for most people to see. In behalf of the

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Frolic Restful to Worried Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

HE time has finally come when it is safe to speak positively about a few changes that are to be accepted in fashions for the season now upon us. All advice before has been in the nature of recording the changes offered by the fashion makers, but not until such changes have had time to be inspected and approved by the fashion wearers really settled. More than half the feminine world is content to gown itself according to what it sees and itself approves. A very select portion prefer not to appear until assured of something new, that is at the same time approved of good taste. The advance guard try the novelty, content with the distinction of novelty itself, and ready and able to throw aside a fancy if it proves a freak instead of a fashion. Upon this advance guard the offered new fads largely depend, and from the exhibits these folk make the wiser select. Fashion's deception to be of genuine service must neither trick select taste by prophesying upon the authority of the ventures in fads, nor discourage well-dressed majority by announcing the somewhat common place of the passing fashion, as actually passed and impossible.

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Attitudinizing as a Part of the Business—The Musical Director and the Drum Major—The Pianist and the Cornet Player.

An Art of Itself.
Exactly why musical performers should feel it their duty to attitudinize as well as to play or sing is one of those curious problems presented by the complexity of our civilization to which a definite answer is not easy to give, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Music, according to the most highly inspired of poets, is a heavenly gift, appealing directly to the soul, while the striking of attitudes is an earthly acquisition, gained through much practice and appealing to nothing in particular, unless it may be in an indirect way to the pocketbooks of the beholders. It is quite possible that at some time in the history of the divine art, men and women played and sang without posing in such a way as to attract more attention by their attitudes than by their music, but that day, if it ever existed, has long gone by, and music at present is as much a matter of pose as of tone, and appeals in many cases quite as strongly to the eye as to the ear. It is quite possible that this fact may have grown out of the conscious superiority

where the music is merely subordinate and incidental to the main attraction, and to see the orchestra gaze upon the bald back of the leader's bald head, watch the facial convulsions of the man whose business it is to pierce the



LIQUOR THUMP.

atmosphere with the upper notes of the piccolo, and sympathize with the man who extracts dry grins from the double bass. So the posing business seems to be quite satisfactory to both artists and their audiences, and so long as each party is content, it is not easy to see why any one else has a right to complain.

Of musical folk, the most competent posers for effect are the artists of the lyric drama. Posing is their business, and not infrequently they devote more attention to their attitudes than to their music, as reckoning that any deficiency in the latter will be condoned by the audience on account of proficiency in the former. They have abundant facilities for exercising all their gifts in this direction, and the only criticism that can be justly made on their efforts is that they fall into regulation attitudes, which are in accordance with the traditions of the stage, and have been in use so long that they have come to be considered indispensable to the proper rendition of the part. Nobody, for instance, ever saw an actor play the heavy villain without bending his legs at a sharp angle and walking about on the stage as though afflicted with chronic ankylosis of the knee joints, for crooked knee joints and heavy villainy go together, and the former naturally suggest the latter. So, no one ever saw a lover and his sweetheart on the lyric stage wind up an amorous duet without leaning against each other, the hands of the heroes clasped in an attitude of wild despair, while the hero throws one arm around her clinging form and extends the other in mid-air, while the twin ladies emit a screech that makes you involuntarily feel for your scalp. It is not madness; it is merely attitudinizing, and the closer they lean together and the more earnest the concluding yell the more ardent is the expression of their undying affection and the greater their dejection of the deep-dyed villain with his much-bent knees.

Next in posing ability to the operatic artists come the pianists. They do not

finite vacuity, so that the women in the audience may see how intense is his inspiration, and during the Scherzo he may sway back and forth, throw his coat tails about and kick under the piano as though driving out an imaginary cabin which had taken refuge there, and all these gyrations will be regarded as the outward and visible signs of an inward and musical genius. They are looked for by the audience, who have made up their minds to endure them as placidly as possible, knowing that they are absolutely essential to the proper rendition of a piano composition, whether Nocturne by the dreamy Chopin, Moonlight Sonata by the rugged Beethoven, or Rhapsodie Hongroise by the incomprehensible Liszt.

The director of a musical organization, no matter of what grade, has opportunities for posing somewhat superior to those of the pianist and somewhat inferior to those of the operatic hero, and is allowed liberties not permitted to either of the others. It is understood that he is always to keep the audience waiting for five minutes after the last straggling fiddler has straggled in, take his seat and tune his fiddle. This is the director's privilege and he avails himself of it to the utmost. He takes it for granted that the public will be sufficiently entertained by listening to the tone as given out by the clarinet man, and immediately succeeded by scrapings and blowings in every key that Bach discovered for the well-tempered clavier, so he relies on the rest of the orchestra to furnish the fun for a reasonable, sometimes an unreasonable, time, then enters with a strut as dignified as that of a turkey peacock, bears with satisfaction the thunder of applause given by a tired audience glad of any change, and with deprecatory bow calmly appropriates to himself the credit due the entire organization.

The drum major is commonly regarded as a caricature of the orchestra director, but this is a mistake. He is an



ALTISSIMO.

institution of himself, the darling of the street, the envy of the policeman, the admiration of all beholding small boys, who feel that to be a drum major is greater than to be a king. Every street band is properly gauged by the drum major, and the bigger this personage, the taller his mighty int, the longer his big-bellied trunk and the more tricks he can do with it without letting it fall the better the band. He is strictly ornamental, for his cane keeps no time, and after its first promontory jab into the atmosphere as a signal for the band to turn itself loose on the public, none of the players pay him the slightest attention. But for this fact he cares nothing, as it is generally understood that he owns, in fee simple, not only the band, but also the whole parade which it precedes; that, in fact, the public demonstration has been arranged in his honor, and especially that he may allow the glories of his uniform to gladden the eyes of his fellow-men.

Compared with the drum major, the artist who comes before the public with an Amati or Stradivarius under his arm is a mere trifler in the art of posing. He does his best, it is true, stands first on one foot, then on the other, while he delicately tunes his lyre, so to speak, and waits for the piano man to get up steam, and then gracefully sways back and forth as he tortures his unfortunate instrument into emitting shrieks of agony, but his opportunities are limited, and unless he breaks a string, thus gaining a chance to show what a variety of squeaks he can compel the others to utter, he is at a disadvantage. Even the cornet man is better off than he, for the professional whose interest and pleasure it is to stuff wind into an E flat cornet is able to distort his face, roll up his forehead into lumps and assume an expression of intense agony that never fails to excite the sympathy of all beholders. His rival in this form of spectacular entertainment is the man with the big horn, who makes faces, not from choice, but of necessity; for the labor of filling so enormous a receptacle with air and keeping it full is so great as to draw drops of perspiration from even the baldest and most poreless cranium. Of

all the list he poses least in a conscious way, but most unconsciously. He has not time to think of posing, for if he did his horn would get empty and succumb from its labors. The man who mightily thumps a drum on the street as a means of grace, the blind man who uses an accordion in his efforts to attract the attention of the charitable and induce them to pay him to stop, may pose in a humble way, and frequently do so, but the big horn blower has both



PERSEVERO.

the people who gather at a concert want to see how the choros looks, and whether the members are as old and ugly as those of the grand opera chorus, and what sort of person the prima donna assoluta is, and what she has on, and how it fits, and how many men are in the male chorus, and how wide they can open their mouths. Even a theater crowd, in a place of entertainment

hands and his mouth full, and, though innocently a spectacle, is unconsciously an object of sympathetic regard. He might pose if he could, but he cannot. He alone, of the whole musical fraternity, makes no conscious effort to attract public attention, though he de-



"I'M THE LEADER OF THE BAND."

serves more than even the drum major, for without a big horn the largest orchestra would be a thing unbalanced and out of joint.

Thomas Corwin.

Thomas Corwin was born in 1794. In his prime, life in this country had a local, bucolic, and primitive flavor, which in politics was grotesquely exaggerated. Clay was commended to the people by the fact that he was the "mill-boy of the slates," in the campaign of 1840 the Whigs showed their love of the people and their sympathy with simplicity of life in public men by putting up log-cabins and serving out hard cider from them; Corwin, having had to find employment in early life by driving a wagonload of provisions for the army in the war of 1812, was, later on, favorably known in politics as "the Wagon-boy."

The Ohio community of Corwin's boyhood was a community of pioneers, first dwellers of logs. The presiding justice first selected for the western district of Ohio was a lawyer, but qualified himself for admission to the bar by practice in his judicial capacity. The salary attached to the office was seven hundred and fifty dollars; at the bar the highest professional income was one thousand dollars. The common dress was of homespun or buckskin; a professional man wore black and shaved himself. Corwin throughout his life was "Tom" Corwin. In 1828 one James Shields, a Jacksonian, was nominated for Congress against Corwin. In order to damage him irretrievably a certificate was published to the effect that prominent men of his own party had declared, among other things, that it was his habit, on going to bed, to exchange his cambric shirt for a night shirt, and Corwin afterward confessed that it was this charge that gave him his first hope of an election, as he felt confident that Jacksonian Democrats would never unite in support of a man who was too good to sleep in the same shirt he wore during the day. He once confided to some young man, who asked what course he ought to pursue to achieve success in public life, "Be as solemn as an ass." But he did not guide his life by this axiom. His declaration in the Senate that he was a "Mexican" would offer his own countrymen a welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves has become an oratorical commonplace. His transition of the impeachment produced by the nomination of Polk for the Presidency, "After that—who is safe?" is one of those jokes which are sure of a long life. In fact, he is remembered rather as a wit than as a statesman.

Some Humors of Marriage.
Scarcely a week passes without bringing news of some couple who have found it necessary to emigrate temporarily generally into Wisconsin, but sometimes into Indiana, in order to get married.

It is one of the curiosities of the law that in one and the same place—here in Illinois, for example—it arrays all sorts of difficulties about the process of getting married, while leaving the way to getting unmarried comparatively unobstructed.

Beotie a youthful couple who sigh profoundly for an opportunity to be come disenchanted with each other can enter upon the disenchancing process by mutual consent, if of less than a certain age, get the consent of their parents, and comply with certain conditions about license or banns, and all this at the cost of some money and trouble and embarrassment. It's all well enough. The law ought to stand guard over marriages, only it might well take more pains to see that they are prudent. It does nothing in that way now. But it pays so much regard to the prejudices and obstinacy of certain people who are not directly concerned at all as to drive the industry out of the State into communities where the theory seems to be that marriage concerns nobody but the contracting pair.

The oddest part of the whole affair is that parents should persist in the obsolete notion that they have a right to say something about it. They ought to have learned by this time that there are some things which we can do for others and some things which each one of us can do for himself or herself alone. They ought to have found out that it is no more possible for them to choose or reject a wife or a husband for their son or daughter than it is possible for them to digest the dinner that son or daughter may eat.

As to having their consent asked or being consulted about the matter in advance, why—that's preposterous. They should be grateful if they learn about it in time to provide for themselves proper wedding garments.—Chicago Chronicle.

"How are you getting along with the bicycle?" asked Miss Cayenne. "Better than I expected," replied Willie Wishington. "So you have at last attempted to ride?" "No; I haven't gone quite that far. But I don't believe I'm quite as much afraid of it as I used to be."—Washington Star.

Work—Work is the best remedy for despondency. "Go thou," is Christ's cure for the blues.—Rev. C. S. Brown, Episcopalian, Columbus, Neb.

Haste.—There is a new god in America. It is the little American god "Hurry." Everybody is bowing down to worship it.—Rev. E. J. Haynes, Methodist, New York City.

Love.—Spontaneously proves that love is deeper than intellect and conscience, and that it is genuine, since it has its abode among the instincts of the heart.—Rev. E. A. Taylor, Baptist, Memphis, Tenn.

Happiness.—There seems to be a tremendous mistake about the power of a large fortune to make a man happy. Carrying \$100,000,000, or even \$1,000,000, for board and clothes, is doing a great deal of hard work for small pay.—Rev. M. C. Peters, Independent, New York City.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

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Capital and Labor.—I am opposed to demagogues, but for labor to protest against capital in the fashion it does is folly. For how could labor live without capital? On the other hand, of course, capital could not live without labor.—Rev. J. D. Newton, Congregationalist, Cleveland, Ohio.

Honest Toil.—The soul of the honest workman is in his life. His wife loves him, his children worship him. The community respects him, he is a mighty factor in our complex civilization. He is a splendid example of the nobility of toil.—Rev. I. N. Moorhead, Methodist, Mount Carmel, Pa.

The Living Church.—The end of the world will be the end of everything except the church, but the glory of the church will continue without end. The church believes time to be the vestibule and eternity the temple where she shall go no more out forever.—Rev. O. P. Wright, Methodist, Pueblo, Colorado.

The Problem of Man.—The problem of man. We have a divine lineage. The very record is an inspiration. The poorest man may carry himself like a king in the light of it. Our breasts may swell with pride in reflecting upon it. Our hearts burn within us because of it.—Rev. J. R. Mace, Methodist, Camden, N. J.

A Condition of Wealth.—Labor is now the one condition of wealth; neither nations nor individuals longer dream of riches secured by war of theft, but as the fruit of human energy. Give all men permission to work, and this world will bud and blossom like a garden.—Rev. J. M. Patterson, Presbyterian, Detroit, Mich.

Wealthy Tramps.—The man who does no useful work, who does not contribute to the common good, does not fully live. And this is so whether he is rich or poor. I see no reason why the tramp who rides in the palace car is any better than the tramp who walks upon the heels.—Rev. H. B. Cooley, Disciple, Cleveland, Ohio.

Signs of Weakening.—So much ignorance, selfishness, corruption and avarice have entered into the politics and principles of our governing parties that although we have a splendid people, magnificent domain, and a rich heritage, yet many parts of our great structure seem unsafe and show signs of weakening.—Rev. H. O. Rowlands, Baptist, Lincoln, Neb.

Beauty.—Beauty is the result of our accidental relations to objects. For a thing that is beautiful to-day is tame or disgusting to-morrow. You can do more to define it than you can overtake the ignis fatuus. You might as well attempt to paint a lover's sigh or hear where an angel's smile had been.—Rev. W. W. Fellows, Congregationalist, Hamilton, Ohio.

Strikes.—From an economical point of view a labor strike is as bad as war. There is a great waste of resources on either side. In no great modern strike has the point under contention been worth financially what it has cost. Either side could have afforded to give up the point and avoid the strike.—Rev. O. J. Fairfield, Unitarian, Spokane, Washington.

Religion and Politics.—Business and religion should not and cannot be separated. If the workman is getting poor wages, the church and the charitable organizations will suffer, and for that reason I claim that every one should be true to his religious faith, should adopt that for his platform which should benefit his church.—Rev. D. F. Woodburn, Baptist, Allegheny, Pa.

Galvanizing Bolts.—Some recent experiments, says Industries and Iron, seem to indicate that iron is much weakened after being pickled and galvanized. A dozen eye-bolts (all precisely alike so far as can be perceived by external inspection, were carefully selected; six of these were laid on one side and the others sent away to be galvanized. When the galvanized bolts were returned the whole twelve were put together and tested, when it was found that the galvanized bolts were the only ones to break; in no instance did the ungalvanized ones give way.

Methods.—Modern demands can be met only by modern methods. The successful dairyman must be a student of his trade, and the best results will come from the practice of dairy knowledge, and not from the traditions of the fathers. The producer of poor butter cannot stand against the promoters and makers of substitute compounds. There is a call for the best skill from breeding time to market day.

Old Almanacs.—It has recently been ascertained that almanacs and calendars date back to the year 200 A. D.

Russian Servants.—In Russia servants kiss their mistress's hands both morning and evening greetings.

Pawky Scots in Gotham.—Scotchmen have almost entire control of the stonecutting industries of New York.

"FIGHTING JOE" BLACKBURN.

The Kentucky Senator Has a Record in Fistic Encounters.
The recent controversy between Senators Blackburn, of Kentucky, dubbed "Fighting Joe," and Logan Carlisle, son of the Senator's hated rival, Secretary Carlisle, led to rumors of a duel. Blackburn has long professed the duello, but has never gone much further than a challenge toward the field of honor. His "fistic" record, however, is a bad one.

Blackburn is nearly three score years of age, six feet tall, straight as a poplar, and broad-shouldered. He goes about on his feet as light as a dancing man, and gives one an impression of physical alertness, of supple joint and ample throat. From his collar button down he will overmatch any other Senator save, perhaps, Allen, of Nebraska. Blackburn, when a little younger, was considered a fine type of physical man—light-haired, red-mustached, blue-eyed, of sanguine temperament, popular with the masses, a splendid stumper, with a rich vein of humor and great powers of invective. His gallantry as an officer in the Confederate army won for him the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe." After the war he went to Congress, and one afternoon indulged in a debate with another Representative. A personal insult led to a challenge from Blackburn, which was readily accepted. Blackburn's second was a noted duellist, whom we will call Tom. All arrangements were made, and in the early morning Blackburn went quietly out to find his second and repair to the field of honor. But the duel did not come off. The second, as was his privilege, substituted himself for his principal, and thus explained the matter:

"Joe, I'm not much good to anyone, and you are valuable to your country. Your country can't afford to lose you, and I don't mean it shall. What I've done is for the best."

In vain Blackburn protested. But the matter was in the hands of his second, and he couldn't alter it. When the enemy learned that "Tom," the dead shot, was to take Blackburn's place on the field, there was a hasty conclusion that the affair, after all, was not too serious to be patched up by peace-makers.

That is the nearest he ever came to a duel, though he and Gen. Burnside came close to it in 1862. He had an embroilment with Judge Tucker, of Denver, in 1888, which threatened serious results, but nothing came of it.

In February, 1889, at a Senatorial committee meeting, Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, called the Kentuckian a "slave driver." Trembling with anger, Blackburn arose and walked straight to where Chandler sat. Doubling his big fist and shaking it at the New Hampshire Senator's face, he cried: "I never owned a slave," but you—little seconded, if you were not such an insignificant little coward, I would thrash you on this very spot. I have a mind to pull you from your chair and whip you as I would a dog."

"You dare not hit me!" Senator Chandler exclaimed, with a tremor in his voice. "Don't put a hand on me!" Before any of the Senators could interfere Blackburn reached out and took Chandler by the ear, jerking him from the chair as easily as though he had been a 10-year-old boy. Using Chandler's ear as a sort of handle, he yanked the little New Englander about the room in the roughest manner.

"You dirty coward!" exclaimed the Kentuckian, as he finally released his grip on Chandler's ear. "If I had pulled my daughter's ear in that way I would expect her to resent it. I expected you to fight, but you are a cowardly dog."

Senator Faulkner acted as peacemaker, and the combatants were kept from further violence.

A Crooked River.
A well-known traveling man was gracefully poised against a New York hotel register.

"You may not believe me," he said, "but when I was down in Kentucky, in October, I stood on a bit of high ground in Breathitt County and threw a stone into the Kentucky river, then without moving my feet, though I turned my body slightly, I threw another stone seven miles down the river."

"Rats!" interpolated a party who had heard commercial traveler stories before.

"It's a true bill," insisted the narrator. "It was just seven miles from where the first stone struck the water to where the second one hit, and I'm not a baseball player, either."

After some discussion the commercial traveler held up his hand and swore to his story, and then explained that at Jackson, in Breathitt County, the Kentucky river swings around a bend for seven miles and comes back to within sixty-eight feet of itself, and a man, standing on the narrow ridge separating the waters, can easily toss a stone into the river to the right or left, thus making a throw of seven miles up or down the river, as the case may be.

This is the true state of the case.

Silver and Gold Coins.
Herodotus tells us that silver was first coined as money in Argos about 800 B. C. The same historian tells us that King Croesus of Lydia was the first to coin gold and that 500 B. C. he had gold coins issued with his image and superscription.

City Supported by Krupp Foundries.
The Krupp gun foundries at Essen, near Dusseldorf, employ 27,435 persons, whose families amount to 67,597 persons.

A woman who has passed thirty, thinks all other young women must be twenty-seven, anyway.

Was Not Poor.
It is said there is ground for a belief that James Monroe did not die in poverty, as often stated.

STEEP NONSENSE

De song birds, dey hab' lef de lan; We doan' know whar dey's at; But de eagle is a screamin' an' De turkey's gittin' fat.—Washington Star.

"What is the average life of a good bicycle, sprockets?" "Well, some of them last until they are paid for."—Chicago Record.

Scientist.—"Let me see, what is the name of the instrument that records the pugilist's blow?" Jollicus—"I guess you mean phonograph."—Puck.

"Folks that is affix lookin' fob trouble," said Uncle Eben, "hab' jes' one 'ting ter brag about. Dey doan' hardly eber git disappinted."—Washington Star.

Teddy.—"I tell you it's so." "Nellie—" "I say it is not." Teddy—"Well, mamma says it's so, and if mamma says it's so, it's so, even if it isn't so."—Harper's Round Table.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "this crisis will soon be at an end." "Thank heaven," murmured an auditor; "he's going to stop talking."—Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Hojock.—"Miss Tenspot must be awfully beautiful." Mr. Tomdick—"Indeed! What makes you think so?" "She looks well even in an amateur photograph."—Life.

"Do you suppose the telephone will ever replace the telegraph?" "It may, but no matter what happens, it's safe to say the telephone will have the call."—Hoxbury Gazette.

Teacher.—"Anything is called transparent that can be seen through. What scholar can give an example?" Bobby—"De hole in de fence round de baseball park."—Norristown Herald.

"I wonder why it is that young girls like to marry widowers?" "It is because they know that widowers have been cured of their foolish illusions about women."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Mamma.—"If Lord Forgivus asks you to marry him, tell him to speak to me. Ethel—Yes, mamma—but if he doesn't?" Mrs. Mamma—"Then tell him that I want to speak to him."—Truth.

Farmer's Wife.—"I hope you are not afraid of work?" Tramp (uneasily)—"I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feels didgety when there's anything like that about."—Boston Traveler.

The Financier.—"I'm surprised at you! I saw you flirting with her!" The Financier—"I swear, Priscilla, you are mistaken! Beauty has no charms—never had any charms—for me!"—Puck.

"Say, Weary, wot are you walkin' round in yere bare foots fer?" "I'm tryin' dis yer new Kneipp cure." "Wot fer, Weary?" "Cause some disblasted snoozer stole me shoes!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I am sorry I bought one of those doormats with 'Welcome' on it." "Why so?" "Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There are no jokes like the old jokes." Said the humorist blithe and gay. "And the jokes that now find favor."—Philadelphia North American.

"What a superb touch that pianist has!" she gushed. "I should say he!" replied her matter-of-fact escort. "I understand old Skinfint has given up \$500 to have him rehearse this evening."—New York Press.

Mr. Sumner Borden.—Mrs. Skantfayre: don't they say man should learn wisdom from the ant? Mrs. Skantfayre: Yes; don't you think he should? Mr. Sumner Borden.—No; a blundered man wouldn't walk into butter like that!—Puck.

Nell—Miss Rhodes uses French phrases in the most peculiar manner. "Bell—Does she?" Nell—Yes, indeed! Why, at breakfast yesterday I asked her how she liked her eggs and she said they were very chick!—Philadelphia Record.

SICK A LIFETIME.

For Three Score Years Mr. William Levi Was a Terrible Sufferer.

Muscular Rheumatism Had Such a Hold on Him that He Could Walk Only with the Aid of Crutches—Pink Pills Were Given a Trial, and Although 80 Years Old He Has Thrown Aside His Crutches.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.
Mr. William Levi, of Jackson, Mich., is a highly respected and respectable old gentleman, who if he lives four years longer will be 90 years of age. Mr. Levi now enjoys good health, and is surprisingly active for a man of his years, but this was not the case until very recently. For it is not very long ago since Mr. Levi could only get about with the aid of crutches, and then very poorly. The following is Mr. Levi's story in his own words:

"Ever since early manhood I was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, and in the endeavor to obtain relief have become almost a pauper. For thirty years I did not get a sound night's rest, nor did I have anything to eat or drink, and for sixty years I could not walk without crutches. Of course, I tried every physician near me without any relief, and after one bitter attack which lasted six weeks, everybody thinking my time had come, I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and did so. While taking the second box I was able to throw away my crutches, and by the time six boxes were taken I was able to do any kind of work that a man of my age could do. I now go about with only the assistance of a cane, my sight is good and hearing almost perfect, and all the credit of the change is due to Dr. Williams' Medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form), by the dozen or hundred at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Diamonds as a Waste Product.

That the manufacture of hard steel may be attended with a by-product in the shape of diamonds is a consideration which has not yet been reduced to any practical element, and one that may cause some surprise. Yet, strictly speaking, the statement is true. Several years ago M. Moissan proved that when iron was saturated with carbon at a temperature of 3,600 degrees Centigrade, and afterward cooled under heavy pressure, a portion of the carbon separated out in the form of minute crystals, which were found to be true diamonds. In the "Comptes Rendus" it is stated that it occurred to M. Moissan that the conditions under which very hard steels are now made should result in the formation of diamonds. He examined a large number of steels now made, and found that his theory was supplemented by fact. The diamonds are obtained by dissolving the metal, and then submitting the residue to the influence of concentrated nitric acid, fused potassium chlorate, hydrofluoric and sulphuric acids respectively. The diamonds obtained are almost microscopic in their dimensions, it is true, but they present all the physical and chemical properties which distinguish the true gem. Industries and Iron.

A Sociable Cycle.

The tandem cycle does not permit of the travelers sitting side by side and talking tete-a-tete, in a sociable fashion. Hence a maker has introduced a bicycle with two seats abreast, two sets of driving pedals, and two steering hand-les; the hind wheel is thus actuated by two separate chains. A difference in weight between the two travelers only causes a certain list of the machine to one side. The start is made by one passenger getting into the saddle while the machine is at rest, and the other mounting when holding it vertical and putting it in motion. The descent from the bicycle is effected in the same way, but in reverse order—that is to say, one gets off while the machine is going, and holds it upright until the other descends.

Only in a world of sincere men is it possible, and there, in the long run, it is as good as certain.

A CRY OF WARNING.

"I suffered for years and years with womb and kidney trouble in their worst forms."

"I had terrible pains in my abdomen and back; could hardly drag myself around; had the 'blues' all the time, was cross to every one; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me of all my pains."

"I cannot praise it enough, and cry aloud to all women that suffer from it: unnecessary to go to your druggist and get a bottle that you may try it anyway. You owe this chance of recovery to yourself."—Mrs. J. STEVENS, 2918 Amber St., Kensington, Phila., Pa.

The Cyclist's Necessity.

A BOTTLE OF POND'S EXTRACT

Is the REPAIR KIT for all ACCIDENTS.

Unequaled for Quickly Healing Lameness and Soreness of Muscles, Wounds, Bruises, Stiffness, Rheumatism.

Rub thoroughly with POND'S EXTRACT after each ride to keep muscles supple, pliant, strong.

Try Pond's Extract Ointment for Piles.

Avoid Substitutes—Weak, Watery, Worthless.

Pond's Extract Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICKEN ALLERGEN

Best Cough Syrup, Croup Syrup, Whooping Cough Syrup.

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CHICKEN ALLERGEN

DEFERRED.

Love came knocking at my heart

One summer day—

Came knocking softly at my heart,

I said, him any;

"Oh, May is merry, and June is long,

And July with blossoms and wild birds

song;

The golden hours are free, are free;

What sweeter can you bring to me?

I pray you, wait

Without the gate."

Was that a knocking at my heart

One winter day?

The faintest echo in my heart!

The world was gray;

and drear the winter; my garden close

Lay chill and silent with drifting

snows.

I swung the portals open wide:

"Oh, enter, stranger, and abide!"

Love's ghost did wait

Without the gate.

—Celia A. Hayward, in Lippincott's.

A CLEVER PLAY.

"There! I have the satisfaction of

knowing what it is all about, and of

appearing dignified and firm at the

same time!"

Mr. Stanton chuckled to himself as

he held a sealed envelope up to the

light critically.

"I told him—I should return his let-

ters unopened, and there this one goes

for all the world as if I hadn't an idea

of what it contains."

And with another pleased little gur-

gle at his own sharpness, Mr. Stanton

placed the letter addressed to "Luke

Stanton, Esq., Grand Hotel, Great

Starmouth," into another envelope

and addressed it to "Adrian Stanton,

Esq., Turner Studios, Ruskin Road,

Kensington." Then he rang the bell

and delivered it to the waiter to be

put into the London postbag; after

which he walked to the bay window

and stood looking out upon the calm

sea and long expanse of yellow sand.

Great Starmouth is not a fashion-

able seaside resort; indeed, it is chief-

ly frequented by convalescent dyspep-

sics, Anglo-Indians, with shallow com-

plexions and short tempers, and other

invalids. Luke Stanton had come there

there partly on account of his health;

partly because he held shares in the

new hotel and other schemes for mak-

ing Great Starmouth a little less fu-

neral and a little more profitable. But

greatly as the financier was generally

occupied with his companies and his

schemes, at the present moment he was

thinking of neither, as he stood gaz-

ing blankly out on the beach, his

hands thrust deep into his pockets,

juggling the loose coins and keys there-

in.

Mr. Stanton was busy repeating to

himself the contents of the letter he

had just sent back. Adrian Stanton

was his only son, who, by all the laws

of heredity and advisability, should

have been his right hand. Alas, for

the crookedness of the world! Young

Stanton had fully declared to his

father, some three or four years pre-

viously, that he hated the city; that

he could not calculate the commonest

sum of simple interest; and that he

would never undertake the intricacies

of the stock exchange—that, in short,

he detested "business," and meant to

devote himself to art. Luke, stormed

and raved, but had ended in giving in,

and, in spite of his affected indifference

and contempt, had been not a little

pleased when, last year, the hanging

committee of Burlington House had

accepted a small canvas signed "Adrian

Stanton." True, it had been so hung

that it was impossible to see it with-

out risking a dislocated neck, but that

detail the old man conscientiously ig-

nores. So far, so good. Luke Stanton

was almost reconciled to art, and was

rather given to talking about "my

son's studio," when all at once the

whole fabric collapsed about his ears in

the most ghastly fashion. Adrian

came to him one day with the news

that he was engaged to be married.

It was unexpected, but not necessarily

disastrous until the fatal truth was dis-

closed—his, Luke Stanton, the great city

man, heavy alike of purse and of moral

reputation, was expected to welcome

as his daughter-in-law a model! There

was a scene—all the steps of paternal

indignation and filial ingratitude were

pulled out to their fullest, and it ended

in Adrian walking out of the house.

He made several further attempts to

see his father and bring him to a more

amiable frame of mind, but ineffec-

tually; and at last, in spite of the

threats to stop his allowance, to cut

him out of his will, Adrian Stanton

took to himself the girl of his choice

and duly informed his father of the

fact.

"Oh, Mr. Stanton! You quite start-

led me! How delighted to meet you!"

She was a dainty little person, with

a genuine complexion, big blue eyes

and the most puzzling and bewitching

hair, which seemed to run the whole

gamut of tints from brown to gold as

sublimely played on it. She looked up

into the old gentleman's face with the

most confiding expression.

"Isn't it provoking? There is abso-

lutely no news."

"Really, I'm delighted—I mean," he

corrected himself hurriedly, "it is most

extraordinary."

"Isn't it? I came down here a week

ago to meet my aunt and uncle, as we

had arranged before they went abroad,

and, to my amazement, found no one

here."

"Yes, yes," he put in soothingly. "It

was very trying. Poor little girl. Poor

child!"

"I should have gone straight back

to London if it hadn't been for you, Mr.

Stanton. You have been more than

kind to me."

"Not at all, my dear young lady. I

was touched at the loneliness of your

position, anxious to be of service to

so charming a wife."

She shot him a grateful glance.

"But I think I really must go home

now. I went to Carlford, as you

suggested, thinking that some letter

might be awaiting me at the postoffice,

but as I tell you, there was nothing. I

cannot think what has happened to my

friends. I feel I must go back to Lon-

don to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" Mr. Stanton stopped

aghast and looked down at her. "You

mean to leave Starmouth?"

"Yes."

"I—at least you will allow me to

see you safe to London—to your

friends. Oh! I forgot, my poor child—

you are an orphan. But at any rate,

you will let me take you back to the

people with whom you were staying?"

"Oh, no," she said hurriedly. "I

could not think of giving you so much

trouble."

"Trouble! If it were not that it

means losing you at the end, I should

call it a pleasure. There! it is settled,

isn't it? And what time shall we go?"

"Indeed, Mr. Stanton, I cannot ac-

cept your escort. It—it—they—oh!

can't you understand?"

Her face was turned away from him;

she had wandered away from the pa-

rade on to the beach and she was draw-

ing enthusiastic figures on the shif-

sand with her parasol. He looked at

her for a second, and then he felt the

blood rushing to his head.

"My dear Miss Alban, do you mean

that any one—that some one—"

She nodded, not desisting from her

diagrams.

"That some one has dared to hint

that—that you know what I

mean?"

"Apparently she did, for she answered

in a low voice:

"That is it. I overheard something

in the drawing room this morning; and

what would they say if you came to

London with me?"

There was a moment's pause, and

with a sudden gulp, Luke Stanton

plunged manfully into the deep waters

of a declaration. They would say in

truth—that he could not bear to lose

her, that he loved her, that he wanted

nothing better than to hear her say

she would be his wife. Would she say

it here—now? He was an old man,

triple his age, no doubt—but but—

He stopped out of breath and red of

face, and Miss Alban covered her face

with her hands and made no answer—

even when, having recovered himself,

Mr. Stanton pressed her still further.

"I don't know," she murmured; "I

must have time to think. I am so sur-

prised."

"Of course she should have time to

think—until to-morrow. Would she

tell him to-morrow?"

An inarticulate sound no doubt

meant yes, and then came a more co-

herent, "You will go now, won't you?

I want to be alone."

And with many a backward glance

at Luke Stanton went. He chuckled to

himself again as in his own room his

eyes fell on the bowl of water, cold

now, over which he had opened

Adrian's letter. He would be finely

caught; and it was not a case of cut-

ting off his nose to spite his face, for

Miss Alban was as pretty a girl as

any one could wish, and a perfect lit-

tle lady.

He took unusual pains over his dress-

ing, crumpled unmanageable ties, and

at last was ready. To his dismay,

however, when all the guests had fled

in to table d'hôte he had to realize that

Miss Alban, whose visit it is needless

to say, was next to his own, was ab-

sent.

On questioning the waiter he found

that Miss Alban's dinner had been

sent to her room. Luke was disap-

pointed, and a little alarmed. He fig-

ured about after the meal in an aim-

WATER CRESS CULTURE.

HOW OWNERS OF SWAMPS ARE MAKING PROFIT OUT OF THEM.

The Great Demand for Cress and How It Is Supplied by Jersey and Long Island Farmers.

Although the water-cress is generally considered a spring condiment when it can be gathered wild in the brooks and springs of the countryside, it is nevertheless peculiarly palatable in the fall and winter season, when the variety of garden "greens" is limited by the rigors of the frosty season. There was a number of years ago, when water-cress could not be obtained at any price out of season, but, like many other products of the garden and orchard, a constant demand has created a growth of the supply, and now water-cress is always with us. But the water-cress of commerce, says the New York Post, is cultivated, not gathered wild from the brooks, and on Long Island and in New Jersey we find water-cress farms and swamps where tons of the pungent appetizer are raised.

The cultivated cress is much superior to the wild, both in size and flavor, and when displayed for sale it finds customers much more readily. A cress swamp, conducted under modern ideas of farming yields a fair return, and the artificial beds are not without attraction summer or winter. The essential conditions for a good water-cress bed are a wet swamp with a sandy bottom, and a running spring of water. Such swamps abound on Long Island, and in parts of New Jersey, and quite a number of them are utilized for cranberries, are converted into cress beds. Ditches are cut through a swamp, about two feet deep and four feet wide. These ditches run parallel to each other, and crosswise, cutting the swamp into squares about twenty feet either way. They are excavated so that a slight grade running in one direction will make the water bubbling up from the spring flow through them. This fall is very slight, however, depending partly upon the supply of water, and never so steep as to empty the upper beds of the ditches even in the driest summer weather. Along either side of the artificial canals a space is left to accommodate an ordinary plank board on which the grower can stand to harvest his crop in the proper season.

At the lowest part of the swamp a dam is erected to hold the water in the ditches, and by means of this the flow is regulated to suit the season. In rainy seasons the water from the muddy part of the swamp is apt to back up into the cress field and injure the plants, or, again, in hot weather the water will run and leave the plants high and dry. The dam is supposed to regulate the supply so that the cresses never suffer from too much or too little. The cresses are taken from old beds and pushed into the mud at the bottom of the ditches about one foot apart each way. If no old bed is at hand to supply the cuttings, seeds are scattered broadcast through the artificial waterways. Then usually trout are put into the stream to feed upon the insects and mollusks which eat up the leaves of the cress. There is a bug or worm that lives upon the wild water-cress, and makes the leaves ragged and unattractive, but no damage to the cultivated cress has been experienced where trout are turned loose in the ditches. The profits that may be gathered from raising trout are merely incidental, but occasionally they can be made to amount to considerable.

The cresses need no further cultivation after once planted, except to keep them properly covered with fresh water, and this can be done very easily in a properly constructed ditch. The harvest season is now all the year round, the best hotels and restaurants demanding a constant supply, but the most profitable season is in the early spring and winter. A winter crop of cress is often extremely profitable, for the average price paid then is 50 cents to \$1 per basket. Frequently a crop of the midwinter holidays sells at \$2 and even \$3 per basket. In order to supply good cresses in the depths of winter, the spring water in the ditches must not be allowed to freeze, for this either kills or discolors the plants so that they are worthless. Consequently sashes are put over the ditches where winter cresses are raised. The initial expense of putting down these sashes is considerable, but they last for many years, and more than pay for themselves in one or two seasons. The sashes have to extend up to the source of the water supply, for if the ice should form there the flow might cease. The water must be kept running continually, for quiet, stagnant water kills the plants.

When the plants are ready for cutting, either in the spring, summer or winter, the grower places his plank board on the space left for it along the side of the ditches, and kneeling down he grasps a bunch of cress in one hand and deftly cuts it off about four inches down. An inexperienced harvester would tear the plants from their midrib, but the expert only tugs and they hold their place. As the roots are left in the field for several years, such a mistake would prove very expensive to the owner. The water-cress baskets are filled with splints and hold about half a peck each. As soon as cut the cresses are packed in them. They are laid carefully in layers, and when the basket is full two strings are tied across the top to keep them in position. Then the baskets are packed in crates ready for immediate shipment to market. Some farmers continue to adopt the old practice of sending the cresses to market in loose bunches, but this is safe only where the distance is short.

A double crop of cresses can be taken from a good field, and usually the growers calculate upon this. They either gather an early spring and late fall crop or a winter and summer crop. Thus the plants are allowed about six months in which to produce a good crop of cresses. They can do this only under favorable conditions, however, and the wild water-cress rarely yields enough for two crops in one year.

The profits of a cress swamp are just as variable as any other farm product. So many factors, such as the season of growth, the soil, the nature of the grower, the market prices, and the general distance from market, enter into the question that no one can satisfactorily give a correct answer. Cress growers in exceptionally favorable seasons have been known to clear \$100 per acre, and that on swamp land of little value, while others complain that \$25 an acre is all that any man can expect. Between these extremes one can rest in security, and conclude that it is his own mismanagement, or a combination of circumstances over which he has no control, if he fails to come somewhere within the two limits.

New Petroleum Motor.
A new type of petroleum motor, said to be characterized by great simplicity of mechanism, has just appeared in France, says London Tiverton. The engine has been examined by a contemporary, and it is found that the principal feature is the independence of light to cause explosion after the machine is once started, thus one explosion in some unexplained way serves to produce the next. How this arrangement is effected is as yet a secret, and until we know a little more upon the subject we are not able to judge of the practicable capabilities. It seems that the inventor has been able to dispense with the electric spark or light of any kind in the bringing about of the explosion, and thus the chief danger of this class of motors has been eliminated. A mineral essence is employed, mixed with air by means of a special pulverizer, and this mixture, finding its way into the cylinder through a transition in the same way as steam does in an oscillating steam cylinder, produces the further combustion by explosion that has just preceded. Thus it follows that the temperature of the cylinder remains stationary and so low that the cooling apparatus generally required is dispensed with. It is supposed that this system of motors will be available for motors which range from one to four horse power.

Electric Rat Exterminator.
Since science has discovered that electrocution is a painless death the employes of the electric power house at Atlantic City, N. J., have been using that mode of dispatch for the captured rats which every morning fill the two big traps set out the night before. Rats have long been a nuisance in the place, and the traps were bought several months ago to aid in the extermination of the verminous rodents. Last a few weeks ago the captives were drowned, but at the suggestion of a visitor, electrocution was tried. The traps were placed on a slab and a circuit formed by fastening a copper wire connecting with the dynamo, to each side of the cage. The current was then turned on and in an instant every rat in the cage was dead. One of the workmen a few days ago suggested a plan whereby he claimed the whole building could be freed of the vermin, and it was tried with success. A cage full of rats was put in the electric circuit and the current was turned on a volt at a time, being gradually increased in volume till the rats executed a most fantastic dance. The imprisoned victims were then let loose, and according to the story of the ingenious workman, not only they, but all their fellows, left the building and have not since returned. New Ideas.

Chinese Women Pile Drivers.
Piles were being driven in one of the new buildings for a foundation for a punch. They were eight inches in diameter and fourteen feet long. The staking was bamboo, and so was the frame for the hammer, which was a round piece of cast iron, with a hole in the center for a guide rod, says Cassier's Magazine.

Attached to the hammer block were twenty-seven ropes, carried up to the top of the frame and down on the outside, looking very much like the old-fashioned Maypole. Twenty-seven women held hold of the ends, and with a sing-song, all together, pulled down; up the rod, four feet, traveled the hammer, then, at a scream, all let go, and down it came on top of the pile, which was unprotected by a band of ring. The women were paid twenty cents in gold per day. This Maypole driver is in general use throughout Japan and China.

Concerning Flowers.
Flowers should always be placed in water as soon as possible after being picked; when received by post in a somewhat wilted condition an immediate plunge into hot water with a little salt will accomplish wonders in the way of reviving them.

Gold Pavements.
We are told and presumably we all want to see the streets of gold promised in the new Jerusalem, but we have in this gold favored land of ours several cities whose streets are literally paved with gold. Probably the nearest approach to the Biblical New Jerusalem is Prescott, the capital of Arizona, where every ton of granite used for pavements yield \$4 in gold and twenty cents in silver. The encouraging decrease of expense in recent methods of reducing and reclaiming ores may make it to Prescott's interest to tear up and crush its streets and repave with cheaper rock if she can find it. Dah-longa, in our state, is said to be paved with gold, while gold-bearing quartz has been picked up in the streets of Atlanta, Atlanta, Constitution.

Electricity in Europe.
Compared with other large European towns, London is easily at the head for the magnitude of its electrical supply. Paris, for instance, was only an equivalent of about 500,000 eight-candle power lamps, as compared with the 1,200,000 lamps in London. Manchester 32,000 and Glasgow, 70,000; Birmingham 54,000; Glasgow, 70,000; Edinburgh 43,000; Dublin, 16,000; and Cardiff, 9,000. Of the total capital expended in the whole of the United Kingdom for supplying electricity London has spent more than one-half.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.

Experiments With Breeds of Hogs—Killing Horn Flies—Value of Heated Grain Bone Meal for Stock.

BONE MEAT FOR STOCK.

Almost every good farmer salts his stock, but how many of them give their animals bone meal? Cows need it in making milk and young animals need it for bone growth. Old pastures are especially deficient in this material. It has gone year by year to the dairy and the slaughter house, until there is but little left. This is why cattle search for bone and consider charcoal a delicacy.—American Agriculturist.

VALUE OF HEATED GRAIN.

Grain that has been heated will not do for feed, nor will it make good bread. If grain is at all damp when thrashed, it should be thoroughly dried by spreading it on the floor in a dry, airy place and shoveling it over twice a day until it is quite dry. Anyhow, even dry grain will heat, because unless it has been kept in a stack or in a mow long enough to go through a fermentation or full ripening, which it will do when gathered in large bulk, this fermentation will occur in a granary, and will be liable to injure the grain, destroying its value for seed or bread. Heated grain is sweeter than other grain, and may be used to advantage for feeding to animals. It is always best to crush or coarsely grind wheat or rye before feeding it, as it is better digested.—American Farmer.

OIL OF SASSAFRAS.

Yes, sir, oil of sassafras will kill lice on old and young chickens, and if you think it worth purchasing, it will give your readers some more of my experience with the oil, says a correspondent to the Poultry Keeper.

All who are raising chickens know that the greatest trouble with young chicks is the large gray head louse, which kills more chicks than any disease they are afflicted with. I cannot agree with some of your readers who are advocating the use of lard to kill lice on little chicks, as I have killed about as many with the lard as I have saved from lice. For little chicks the sassafras oil beats any patent medicine yet invented. After finding that the use of the oil in the food will kill the pest on grown chickens, I tried it on chicks. Whenever I set a hen I give her, every third day, ten drops of oil in a little bran or meal until she is through setting. As soon as the chicks are two days old, I give the hens and the chicks a fourth of a teaspoonful twice a week. I have at present sixty-two chicks five weeks old, and they are the finest looking lot I ever had. I prefer sassafras oil over everything I have ever tried for lice for the following reasons: First it is no trouble at all to use it, as it is given in the food; second there is no danger of killing any chicks with it; third there is no handling of the chicks. Kerosene emulsion is excellent. I tried it as soon as I found it would kill lice, and it is excellent to put in whitewash used for the hen house.

EXPERIMENT WITH BREEDS OF HOGS.
The Iowa experiment station is now conducting what promises to be a very interesting and instructive experiment with the different breeds of hogs. The plan has been to secure typical broods of a number of the different breeds from prominent breeders of the state, keep them as best as possible under exactly similar conditions, keep a strict account of the food consumed by each breed, and give the result to the public. We had the pleasure a few days ago of looking over the animals selected, says a correspondent of "Wallace's Farmer." The breeds chosen are Poland-China, Berkshire, Chester, White, Duroc-Jersey, Yorkshire and Tamworth. In addition to these one high-grade Poland-China sow has been bred to a Tamworth and another to a Yorkshire. The Tamworth and Yorkshire are very distinctively bacon breeds, so that there will not only be a comparison between the breeds that have so long been subject to American conditions that they have assumed the American type—namely the Poland-China, Chester, White, Berkshire and Duroc-Jersey—but the two English breeds are in highest reputation for the production of bacon. These types are especially different from the Tamworth, which is much different from the other breeds above mentioned. It is long, very deep and narrow in the back, with a prodigious nose and very large, erect ears, so that when one shakes itself after being in a mud-puddle the bystanders need to look out.—Mirror and Farmer.

FARMING FIRMS.
The business of farming, when we stop to think of it, is seen to be carried on almost by individuals. To recognize this fact is sufficient to induce more thinking—a good deal more. Here is a condition novel and peculiar. In all other important lines of business men combine together. But the firm of Farmer & Co. is hardly ever heard of. Why should there not be farming firms as well as firms of manufacturers, brokers, lawyers or mechanics? Farming is modest and takes back seats, although it is the oldest and greatest industry, the most important business of all. How much they might do that now falls short of accomplishment, if they would join hands more and shun each other less.

A farmer owns a large farm, but has hardly any working capital. His next neighbor has very little land and plenty of money. There is a chance for a partnership by which both may profit. A farmer has a good farm and knows well by experience how to manage it, but is unable to do hard work. He knows a man who has an extraordinary knowledge of farming, but who has health and strength, a tendency to learn and willing to labor. These two

men should be able to come to an agreement to work the farm together. A farmer has more land than he can take care of. His boy, having reached his majority, is about to leave—he doesn't know when, or for what. Why doesn't the father take the boy into partnership and keep him at home? A farmer in growing old, and cannot carry on his farm himself. Hiring help is unsatisfactory. He will sell or rent the old farm, and he and his wife, with sorrowful hearts, will fairly retreat into a city. Better take as a partner on the farm an honest man with youth and strength. Then he and his wife might spend their declining years where they could take comfort.

Aside from farming on shares, it is a remarkable fact that scarcely anything like partnership exists in general farming. In a land where many are always unemployed, this ought not to be, for labor is a great factor in farming. In the farm firm, not only land, stock, machinery and money, but honesty, youth, health, strength and enthusiasm, count in the investment.—New York Tribune.

KILLING HORN FLIES.
The following bulletin on this subject is issued by the Purdue University agricultural experiment station: At this season of the year cattle are suffering from the persistent biting of the horn fly. This fly, which is smaller than the house fly, congregates in colonies about the base of the horns, along the back and sides, at tender points about the flanks and udder, and on the belly. This fly sucks blood from cattle, and so irritates them as no doubt to retard the laying on of flesh with beef cattle, and the production of milk by milk cows. Many substances have been recommended to keep away the flies. The Mississippi experiment station recommends two parts cottonseed oil or fish oil and one part lime tar. This station applied this mixture to 250 head at a total cost of material of \$52.20. Kerosene emulsion has also been used, spraying it over the cattle with a knapsack sprayer. The flies are killed by the emulsion if it touches them. The emulsion may be made by mixing at the rate of one pint of soft-soap (or one-fourth pound of hard-soap dissolved in boiling water) and one pint of kerosene in fifteen pints of water, thoroughly whipped and churned together.

At the Indiana experiment station we have tried different substances to keep away the flies. None of these were effective for over two or three days. We have tested a preparation called "Shoo Fly," which answered very well for two days. The main objection to this is its cost, 50 cents a quart, or \$1.50 per gallon in three, five and ten gallon cans. One quart will do for one application on about 50 animals. We have, however, secured a fully satisfactory result by using a quart of fish oil in which was mixed about two tablespoonfuls of crude carbolic acid. Fish oil 60 cents per gallon in Lafayette. These liquids are applied on the body with a flat paint brush about four inches wide. Fish oil is especially disagreeable to flies, and is probably largely used in the special preparations sold at high prices. There is one objection to using any form of tar, that it makes the hair sticky, and accumulates dirt, and so gives it a bad appearance. Stockmen would do well to break up the manure in the pasture whenever possible, as the flies deposit their eggs in it. From these the young are developed. If the manure is gathered up or broken to pieces with a fork or so, and if remedies to keep off the flies are applied to the cattle, the insects will disappear early in the season.—The Silver Knight.

Arctic Fruits.
In spite of the latitude and the arctic current Labrador is the home of much that is delicious. Neighboring islands furnish the cypress berry and bake apple, in perfusion, and upon the mainland, in the proper month (September), a veritable feast awaits one. There are three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, baring a pungent, aromatic flavor, unexcelled by the cultivated varieties; marsh berries, raspberries. They are capillary tree berries with a flavor like some rare perfume and having just a faint suggestion of watergreen; squash berries, pear berries and curlew berries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Eskimoes, who prefer them to almost any other, and lastly the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere else outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bake apple.

These cover the entire coast from St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful granum-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet the low valleys and the high hills and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dew berry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow when mature. Its taste is sweetly acid.

Opals in Wells.
There is some thing mysteriously fascinating about the artesian well subject into which almost every intelligent Floridian delves. Almost everybody knows that various kinds of fossils have been brought out of the wells, but nobody ever before heard of opals being one of their products. Such, however, is the fact. John Lyan, the young gentleman who went off to help Cuba, has two small opals in his collection which came from the new Springfield well just being completed by Mr. Partridge. Mr. Partridge said yesterday that he did not know whether they were opals or not, but that he did know that John Lyan said they were. The Opal is nothing more than volcanic glass, hence the finding of opals hundreds of feet below the surface is not more startling than the finding of sharks' teeth, sea sand and sea shells.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

The Argentine Republic produced over 5,000 tons of olive oil last year.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The editor and publisher of The Bertha Marriage Gazette, who performed the exploit of sending his "marriageable list" to Frau Briber, the Leipzig prefect's widow, two days after her husband's death, has been rewarded for his enterprise by a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment.

At the present time there are owned and controlled by the railroads and private car companies of America nearly 1,500,000 freight cars, or in other words, enough cars to make two continuous trains reaching from Boston to San Francisco, with an engine for every forty-five cars.

A charitable genius, through the press, calls upon some cycling George Peabody to start clubs in the East End of London in order to provide bicycling recreation for the poor. The latest scheme is a London agency started to furnish agreeable bicycling companions. The bicycle is preserved or divulged as desired.

The long-sought field books of "Mad Anthony" Wayne have been found by Mr. C. M. Burton, of Detroit, and he has procured a copy of the originals to the Pennsylvania Historical Society. They not only prove General Wayne to have been a severe disciplinarian, but afford an insight into the craze for liquor which was the bane of Continental army life.

Germany has shown an increase of population since 1882 of about six and a half millions. In that period the number engaged in agriculture has diminished, while there has been a large increase in the line of commercial and industrial pursuits. The earnings of the latter exceed those of the rural workers in the proportion of a little more than three to one.

Lodging-houses for the poor, built by the municipal government, are proving a success in Glasgow. An interesting addition to the system has recently been made in the shape of a "family home" with accommodations for about 165 small families. It is especially intended for widows and widowers with children; there is a large nursery, with special trained nurses to care for the children while the father or mother is at work.

A book on "The Mystery of Sleep," which the Hon. John Bigelow has been writing at his country home at Highland Falls, N. Y., during the past summer, aims to show that sleep has much higher office than the mere covering of spent physical energy as commonly thought. It is "the period and agency," the author maintains, "through which divine life flows into the spirit, and without which man would be as the beast."

The new Spanish conscription reports more than 100,000 men for service on the Peninsula and in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. It is expected that 15,000 will imperish themselves and their families in order to purchase exemption at \$400 each. This purchase money will give the treasury some \$6,000,000, and is virtually a killing tax upon that portion of the population least able to bear it. Soon there will be no more money available for exemption. Then the seed of revolution will be sown.

A home for ex-convicts is the latest philanthropic plan to convert criminals. The retreat is to be called Ho Hall and is to be run under the personal direction of Mrs. Ballington Booth. It is estimated that from 80 to 90 per cent. of released prisoners leave prison with the intention of re-forming, but the most of them are again forced into a life of crime because they are not trusted. The inmates of the home are to be employed on the farm surrounding it. They will be kept there only long enough for them to obtain a permanent situation.

The health commissioner of Milwaukee has begun a crusade against unnecessary noise in that city. "A certain amount of noise," says he, "is required to resist noises, and when these noises are abnormally large they make a great drain upon the nervous system." He will therefore stop so far as may be the shrieking of whistles, ringing of bells, changing of bells, screaming of street vendors, and all other useless and most offensive sounds that assault the mental calm of a dweller in cities. We need just such an apostle of true civilization.

There has been a remarkable growth of Christianity in Uganda, Africa, whose King Mwangi, ordered the massacre of Bishop Harrington and a number of Christian converts less than eleven years ago. During Bishop Tucker's recent visit to the country he ordained five natives to be deacons and three to the priesthood, licensed twenty-two as lay readers and confirmed more than 2,000 converts. One of the natives recently ordained was Samwili Mwangi, who, in 1890, was one of the converts sent to the coast by the King to see Bishop Harrington.

His earnestness and devotion," the Bishop writes, "are beyond all question." The ordination service was attended by 3,000 or 4,000 persons, and lasted for nearly five hours.

Philadelphia more than maintains its proud record of being the city of the future. Largely through the aid and incentive of the building and loan associations, it has no equal in the world in this respect is steadily growing. The facts on which this statement is based comes from the office of the Board of Revision of Taxes, where it is shown by the returns of the Assessors for 1896 that the city contains 156,148 individual owners of real estate. This is a big increase over the total of 1886, when the number was 111,580, and over the number in 1860, when the total was 50,470. The increase has been steady and well distributed. Only seven of the thirty-seven wards show a decrease, and this is explained by the fact that there are wards in the business section where houses have given way to warehouses or manufacturing concerns.

We have called attention more than once to the barbarous amusement of such it is of bull fighting in France, says the Paris Messenger. It is not only a cruel and senseless way to entertain, but it is also a waste of money. The Parisian against this form of barbarism is utterly unbecomingly to a great Republic. It is hopelessly absurd to defend it on the plea that the people like it. The only ones in the world who are interested in this barbarous so-called amusement are those

who care not for the duties of life and are blasé, so far as its ordinary pleasures are concerned. It is not at all pleasant to have to note that the great French Republic is thus copying a decadent country like Spain. Why does it not look to its sister Republic—the United States—which has called forth the admiration of the world?

There is not a State in the American union where prize fighting is permitted to-day. And although there is no law against bull-fighting, for the reason that there never has been any necessity to make such a law, the spirit of the nation is so opposed to it that the neighboring Mexicans dare not introduce it. Why will not France copy its sister Republic instead of imitating a dying nation like Spain?

A highly interesting discovery, which will perhaps afford a clew to the cause of cancer, has been made in Prof. Von Leyden's University Hospital here, says a Berlin correspondent. A young woman of 22 and a man of 63, both suffering from ascites and cancer of the stomach, were brought to the hospital last spring. In order to remove the accumulated fluid, tapping was resorted to in both cases. The fluid was examined under the microscope, and hitherto unknown living organisms, belonging probably to the protozoa, were discovered. Professor Waldeyer, to whom the preparations were submitted, advised that they should be sent to Dr. Schaudinn, assistant at the Zoological Institute of the Berlin University, who has been investigating the protozoa for years past. He began his examinations on July 19, and ascertained that in both cases the fluid contained a parasitic amoeboid rhizopod, which he named leydienella gemmipara Schaudinn. He inferred that it is a pathogenic organism, but both he and Professor Von Leyden still abstain from deciding as to the connection between it and cancer, though they admit the possibility of such connection. They have made a preliminary communication on the subject to the Berlin Academy of Sciences.

A Cable Story.
A somewhat extraordinary story, which may or may not be reliable, has been received from an officer on board the cable ship John Pender, now on the coast of West Africa. The authority, however, is good, and it is insisted that the yarn is perfectly true. The final splice in a deep water repair was being made. The third officer was taking the soundings with the Kelvin apparatus usually used, the captain looking on, a quartermaster at the break, and the man who tells the story standing by, looking over the stern. With this sounding apparatus a fifty-six pound shot is used; attached to it is a piano wire, and by means of a patent hook the shot is detached on striking the bottom. A thermometer is usually attached to the wire, close to the shot, to ascertain, for electrical purposes, the temperature of the water at the bottom. While sounding, the shot struck the bottom at 520 fathoms (as was supposed, the strain being suddenly taken off the wire, leaving a slack. After heaving in about 100 fathoms the shot apparently was still on, as the strain increased rapidly. After taking in 320 fathoms of wire the wire was seen to shoot rapidly in different directions, and then suddenly snapped. It is assumed that a submarine monster—for the depth of the water was so great that a fish accustomed to surface waters could not stand the pressure—had taken a fancy to the sounding apparatus and had swallowed it entire. This idea is quite in consonance with what is known of the habits of some species of fish. For instance, West Indian native fishermen, who very often fish over moderately shallow coral reefs at some distance from the shore, will carry in their canoes coils of pieces of wire or copper wire, called "fish lines." The Africans, who fish for the smaller kind of shark which feed near the land, but where the great ocean shark shows his fin in the neighborhood of the canoe, they are half scared to death, and throwing out any of the articles named to distract the attention of the fish, they paddle for shore with all speed. Whatever object be it wood, or lead, or even iron, is thrown overboard, is immediately swallowed by the shark.—Detroit Free Press.

Strange Capture of a Deer.
"Baltimore railroad has changed considerable in the last twenty-five years," said a veteran engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio to a Baltimore American correspondent. "Why I remember a time when passing along here and wheeling hardly a mile of the road would be passed without encountering a few wild deer on the tracks. They used to jump along the tracks before the train as playfully as kittens."

"Talking of deer, I remember a peculiar incident that happened one day near Willet's Run, beyond Hancock. I was firing for an engineer named Dave Dillon. There used to be two firemen to an engine at the time, and we had a funny, frolicsome little Irishman with us named Jimmy Givney. The old Wilman engine used to have an enormous fireboard. On the day to which I allude Dillon was driving an express train east, and we were making top speed, being long overdue. Just as we came around a bend near Willet's Run a young deer, pursued by two dogs, rushed down the embankment and leaped, landing on the fireboard of the engine. Jimmy Givney leaped out of the cab and grabbed the deer, holding on to the terrified animal over the tracks, at the risk of being pulled off their train. Of course the hungry dogs were left far behind and missed the feast which they hoped to enjoy. Jimmy Givney brought his prize to Baltimore and sold it for a handsome sum."

Albinos in a Kentucky Cavern.
The Park City (Ky.) Times reports that in a cave near Chamblin Springs, in Edmonson County, two men found a pool in which were innumerable white frogs. The cave, which is about 100 feet deep, was alive with insects, all perfectly white. Frogs and insects were blind, as were also the fish in the pools.

The Lepidus municipal council has resolved to discontinue the credit votes for the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Sedan.

A single British county yielded 34,807,444 tons of coal last year.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Safest Way—Depended on Circumstances—Just Like Her—Not Improbable—A Modest Photographer.

SAFEST WAY.

"Mother, may I go out to fly?"
"Yes, dear. Climb some mound, Get into your flying machine, And stay right on the ground."

DEPENDS ON CIRCUMSTANCES.

Chicago Girl—Would you marry him if you were in his shoes?

New York Girl—If I wanted to keep house in them.

JUST LIKE HER.

He—She asked me what color of hair I liked.

She—That's just like Maude; she's always so anxious to please.

NOT IMPROBABLE.

Sobersides—I had an uncle who knew a week before the exact day and hour he was to die.

Wagstaff—Who told him? The Sheriff?

A MODEST PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mrs. Dearborn—Will my feet show?

Photographer—Oh, mercy, no! I'm not going to make the portrait as big as that!

THE TRUTH BINDER.

Denedot—Why don't you get married, old man? The matrimonial knot is as easily tied as that one you're putting in your cravat.

Bachelor—Yes, that's a good simile; one generally gets it in the neck with both!

HE PROMISED WELL.

"Didn't I see you pitching pennies with that little Sprinkle boy?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you do it again. Do you hear me?"

"Yes!" I won't do it no more. He hasn't got a cent left."

MEANS THE SAME.

Mamie. There is nothing like having two strings to your bow.

Alice. What's the matter with having two beaus on your string?

AND THEN SHE WASN'T PLEASED.

She (proudly). Yes, I made the cake with my own hands!

He (most inquisitively). Such fair, soft hands! Who would have guessed their strength?

CUT THE QUOTE.

Muggins (in hot chase of a man). Stop him! Stop him! He's got my pocket-book! Stop him!

Spectator (with sporting proclivities). That's all right, old man! He's giving you a run for your money!

THUNDERED AMBITION.

She—You don't startle me! I thought you were dead!

He (a trifle bitterly). I declare you're quite disappointed. I'm native Africa!

She (apologetically). No, I don't mean that. Only I do so want to see a ghost.

His TIME OF NEED.

"Poor fellow. If you have been so long out of work you must actually need bread!"

Man. No, no! I never do when I am out of work.

"Never do what?"

"Need bread. I am a baker."

SAME OLD JOKER.

Bluey's impetuous brother writes that he is in hard times now and that he deserves something better because for every hole in his head he has done some generous and expensive work.

"He's the same cultivated rascal. The fellow is as bald as a door knob."

MAN AT THE TABLE.

Waiter, these eggs are hard as a brick. You must have boiled them more than three minutes.

Waiter—Yes, sir, the boss has told us always to do more and ask of us, and in that way the trade will be built up. You only asked to have your eggs boiled three minutes, but to show our willingness to accommodate an I to make things agreeable, we boiled them six minutes.

STAYING ORBITAL.

She bowed her blushing face upon his shoulder. When she raised it the telltale flush had vanished.

That is to say, it was no longer on her face. But it took a professional seer and a dollar and a half to get it off his coat.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

"I'm a son of the soil!" shouted the unkempt and grimy campaign speaker.

"Yes, and I'm sorry